

## **A Roar in the Flesh: Vignettes**

Melissa Ferrer

*“your sisters are so pretty, what happened to you?”*

a joke that speaks to the whispers  
who make a playground of my head and heart  
carries much more weight than laughter  
or even tears.

a solemn salute  
to what I'd always  
wondered.

*“I don't think it's your body that will make it hard for you to get a boyfriend, it's your personality.”*

it was my 8 year old niece saying  
it's your body too  
that was a cavern sized  
rock thrust at the center  
of my chest. dead center.  
taught too much is never enough.  
taught too little about love  
in truth.

an nth time in which  
my life is schism is chasm gulch  
split minded  
suddenly aware, a house is not a home,  
yet again. darn the resilient grin  
and the rivers of forgetfulness within.  
where, where do I belong?  
Who, who will love me as I am?

What            Am            I?

*“you are never satisfied”*

christened. maw.  
gulch. cry and tear. rip  
and run, and keep running  
mouth gouged open  
belly, a tentacle of desire

unto mountain  
dew *ahh* and awe of exasperation  
transformed to satiation for a moment  
before the flames come again,  
before i forget

this world is not enough.  
nah. this world was never enough  
nah. not by my sight,  
not by my hearing  
not by the way i thought  
in pieces before.

these crumbs, these crumbs falling  
from wolves in my mind  
that look a lot like sheep  
leave me positively starving  
nah. This world aint it.

it's all for the birds.  
i mean its filled with devouring  
fear.

but still my nose sniffs  
because it knows  
there's life here  
somewhere.

and i'm not stopping  
till i can sink my teeth into it.

*"If I could take your personality, and put it into someone else's body, that would be the perfect girl for me"*

when best friends were signs of  
unrequited love, these were the sweet  
nothings that I would hear whispered into my ear

my body, my body, my body  
takes me over and

makes me worth nothing.

*“you running toward me is the scariest thing I have ever witnessed”*

How does one run like a flower—  
a bright still non-threatening burst of love?

*“you are so intimidating, you just act like you belong everywhere you go”*

When your name is ebullient buzzing buoyancy,  
iron wagging, steel milled worker,  
belonging—

nothing quite fits right, not  
in this life with its edges.  
limits lining our being called bodies  
bringing us to our knees to pray  
or beg to be anything other than  
who we are.

this thing we call life,  
in which everything is addicted to death,  
our food, our clothes, our media  
has got us sitting on electric wire  
calling it a picket fence  
instead of an imaginative death sentence.

it is kind of scary to see one no longer  
afraid in a world trying to kill us.

It is kind of scary, I suppose,  
to see a lion in the flesh.